

## Bodyguard

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Summary: The male cocked the gun, filling the silent room with a deadly click. "How deep do you think you can get that knife to go before I blow your f-g balls off?"

## Bodyguard

A flash of bright light brought the male out of his wayward thoughts. He had almost forgotten where he was, yet again. He tilted his head to the side, changing position and showing off that slender jawline that was to die for.

"Yes, that's it Rex!"

The room was filled with the furious clicking noises of cameras and the usual commentary from slimy photographers that try to get you "into character." The 24-year-old brought his hand up to swipe the dark gray locks out of his face.

"Give it to me baby, yes!"

"I need a smoke."

"Oh" the photographer raised his camera as if it was the holy grail in front of the staff "PAUSE THE SHOOT, let Rex-baby have his chill time. Scat guys!"

The male let out a puff of air as he walked out of the room, holding the cut off leather jacket closer to his slender form. It really didn't suit him. Leather wasn't his thing.

As soon as he opened the door to the room, there was the usual pair of beautiful green eyes there waiting for him. He smiled as the small blonde woman held out his pack of smokes and followed him outside.

The two leaned up against the wall of the studio, breathing in the western night air as they shared a smoke. The blonde was the first to speak, finally laughing as if she couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Pfft, 'Rex' huh?"

"Nnn-" The male smirked as he took the final draw of his cigarette, dropping the butt to crush it beneath his shoe before responding "You think I want everyone knowing my government name?"

"Pahahaha!" the small girl bent over as her giggling fit continued, rising up to show off her flushed face "and what are they going to do with it? Kidnap you and make you into their own personal male model?"

"Hey. I don't need your back talk." Ciel pointed a stern finger at his friend, adjusting his clothing before pushing himself off of the wall and swiping her chin as he walked by. "You already know, sweetie."

"Yea mhmhm" the blonde continued with her usual sarcastic tone as she followed the male to the studio entrance "I know, you have trust issues, tough past, this and that. I get it."

"Mhm, that's why I keep you around."

"Oh? I thought you kept me around because I help you get great modeling gigs? Maybe because I'm your manager? Or maybe because I find the hottest gay pieces of ass you've ever seen for you?"

"Little of all of the above. But listen here" the male paused with his hand on the handle of the entrance, gazing into the night sky before looking back into green eyes "safety first. Alright?" Using his other hand, he reached out and mussed the blonde's curls causing her to yelp out and jump back. "Let's lock and load, Liz."

"Um. ew. Whatever you say, Ciel"

Liz responded, fixing her hair as she pushed him into the building, "I mean 'T-rex'."

The door clicked shut, leaving the outside of the studio almost as silent as the night air itself. The only sound came from that of distant crickets, a rustle through the trees every now and again, and slow steady breaths of someone waiting around the corner of the studio. The figure let out a small exhale.

Safe was the last thing this night would be.

"Just a couple more, Rex, and we are DONE BABY!"

Ciel hated low pay photo shoots. They always hired the sleaziest photographers. The twenty-four-year-old jut a small hip out, posing to the side. He wore a white V-neck tank topped with a dark leather cut off jacket, low riding jeans that hung on his petite hips in a delicious way, cuffed up over dark brown suede ankle boots. The outfit was chosen to give him a suburban "middle-class bad boy" look. Ciel thought the whole look was a piece of shit, making him look like

a wannabe thug street rat with bad taste in pizza brands.

To be honest, it didn't matter what the male wore. His flawless looks captured the attention of everyone who saw him. Dark blue eyes, cream colored skin, pink lips.. his face was handsome and angelic, all at the same time. His body on the other hand was sinful. The male was small for his age. Stopping at 5'8, his slender form and soft curves had lured the hearts of men more times than none. He didn't have a six-pack but he was all skin, muscle and bone. Ciel didn't believe in working out for his modeling career, in fear of getting rid of his feminine sleekness. However, he maintained a healthy diet and enjoyed his early morning jogs. The boy was a fucking god.

Hearing the last click of the camera, Ciel let out a small breath of relief.

"Alright boys, were done here" Lizzie spoke up for her client best friend "time to get Mister T-rex here home." Lizzie shot a wink towards the model boy when he glared her down. "Thank you all for the hard work!"

Ciel snatched the leather jacket off, slinging it over his shoulder as he trudged his way outside. One thing he had very little of was patience. And his ran out the second they put him in that shit jacket. The male followed Liz to his car, allowing her to open the passenger door for him, "Please, m'lady"

"You're lucky I love you"

"Platonically, babes, platonically"

"No shit. Home please."

"Right away."

Ciel glanced out the window as the blonde started up the car. A small prickle came to the back of his neck, making his hairs stand end. He turned towards the dark space next to the studio as Liz pulled off.

"What is it? Are you alright, you psycho?"

"Oh. Yea, It's nothing."

"Hm" the girl patted her friend on his knee as she sped out of the parking lot, onto the main road. Her voice was careful and filled with concern "Ciel, don't worry. We're safe. Okay? I know how much you hate doing night time photo shoots. Thank you so much for doing this one for me. You will be home soon, as will I, then you can smoke andâ€¦ call a booty call, ya know?"

The male broke into a smile as he listened to his friends failed attempt of being serious. She did have a way of calming him down though. "Liz. I'm good, I swear. I'm just tired."

"Mhm, tired. Well then let's make sure to get you all tucked on soon, sleepy T-rex."

"Fuck you."

Ciel locked the door to his one-bedroom apartment, tossing his keys on the side table next to the entrance. Soft city lights shone through the back wall that was mostly floor to ceiling windows giving the dark place a serene and sad feel to it. The male stepped out of the boots, placing them down neatly to the side before slipping off his socks. The cold wood floor felt good on his feet as he walked passed the window wall, the set of black couches, kitchen island and guest bathroom, turning the corner and finally reaching his bedroom. It was the only carpeted room in the apartment. No matter what time of day it was, his bed was always the most welcoming thing he'd ever seen.

The dark gray bedspread fell majestically to the floor, making the king sized bed look like a stuffed rainy cloud. Underneath were black sheets matching the black pillow cases and " of course - black carpet.

Ciel saw no need for exceeding colors. He believed that if you could truly enjoy the depth of something for what it was and not what it looked like then you can appreciate the finer things in life. Backwards for a model.

The male took his V-neck off, tossing it and his socks into the laundry basket to the side. He smirked. Maybe his whole life was a contradiction. The shirtless Ciel stalked back into the living room, stopping in front of one window panel when the faintest of noises caught his ear.

Ciel held his breath, closing his eyes and concentrating. Suddenly, the male quickly reached into the waistband of his jeans making to turn around but not before he felt the cold steel of a blade placed directly at his throat.

Looking in the window at the faint reflection, Ciel could see that his intruder was taller than him. At least by half a foot. He licked his teeth when he felt the sharp blade graze over his adams apple. Tall intruder decided to finally speak.

"Don't move" hot breath tickled Ciel's left ear as he listened to the quiet demands

"Are you Ciel Phantomhive?" The voice was steady, dark and malicious. It held so much anger Ciel was surprised his throat wasn't slit yet. Surprised and amused.

"Hmm..so we stalk people, break into their houses and then ask who they are?" the male let out a small breathy chuckle "pretty low grade thieves nowadays."

"I'm not here for a damn thing but you."

"Oh? A simple 'can I have your number' would have sufficed." The knife pressed against Ciel's throat harder, threatening to slice through the thin layer of skin at the next bob of the bulge in his throat.

"I asked you a question"

Ciel swallowed slowly against the blade. The smallest thanks passed through his mind, happy he had a cigarette right before entering his

apartment. But one thing he did not have was abundant patience. And as amusing as this was, his had just ran out.

The stranger let out a small gasp when he felt something hard and long press right between his legs. Ciel smirked, imagining the face his killer had when he realized there was a gun pointed at his oh so delicate prize. The tall man was fast when he had first approached him but Ciel was always faster. Always ready for danger. Always on edge.

Always aware.

"How about we start with your name, hm?"

The intruder paused, ceasing his breath but keeping the blade to Ciel's throat. The model cocked the gun, filling the silent room with the deadly click.

"How deep do you think you can get that knife to go before I blow your fucking balls off?"

The tall man clenched his teeth together before dropping the knife in front of Ciel, holding his hands up behind the male. Ciel looked down at the knife, keeping a firm grip on his gun and kicking it clear across the room before turning around to face the-

Holy shit...

The shorter male swallowed as he finally set eyes on his killer.

The man was fucking gorgeous. Ciel bit his tongue. Brown eyes appraised him on a sullen face, awaiting what would happen next. Dark locks cascaded down around the tall man's face but not enough to hide the strong silky features of his handsome face. Even the crease between his eyebrows from fear and what Ciel guessed was anger didn't dull the man's looks one bit. It only heightened them. Ciel's gaze slid down the large form, latching onto strong taught muscles underneath a thin long Ciel's gaze slid down the large form, latching onto strong taught muscles underneath a thin long sleeved black shirt, large gloved hands that were held open next to that.. that chest. Lower until they settled right where Ciel's revolver met what he could only imagine was behind that zipper. How Ciel hated to ever imagine, always wanting to just know. But damnit, he couldn't help himself.

Breaking away from his thoughts, the male looked back up to see his intruder had closed his eyes, as if he was just accepting fate. How pathetic.

"Wake up. Go sit on that couch over there." The tall male opened his eyes, stalking to the couch carefully as Ciel moved the gun from below his belt to the middle of his back.

"Steady."

The males settled on couches opposite of each other, Ciel folding his legs and propping the gun holding hand that faced his intruder on top of his knee.

"So.."

"â€¦so?"

"What's your name?"

The long haired male stared in silence causing Ciel to release a small sigh.

"I have very little patience for anything and mine for you ran out the moment you began following me home from the studio. So again I ask" Ciel raised the barrel of the gun a little higher, "your name."

"Sebastian."

"Sebastianâ€¦.?"

"Sebastian Michaelis."

"Alright Mr. Michaelis. Why don't you tell me why you broke into my house? I'm pretty sure you didn't hold a knife at my throat just to get my name, am I right?"

"Are you Ci-"

"I ask the questions Mr. Sebastian, then I am sure to answer yours. I swear. Hospitality is my thing." The man let out a sigh, shoving two large gloved hands into his hair. The room grew quiet for a few agonizingly long seconds before he started quietly.

"My parents were killed. I didn't give a shit for my father but.. my mother. She was an angel. I came into the house and there she was. Lying on the floor, spattered in blood. She didn't deserve that. She didn't deserve to fucking die yet. And the last words she said to me wereâ€¦ fuck!" The male yelled out, kicking the coffee table in front of him which went sliding over to Ciel.

"Woah, woah! That is both expensive and not yours. Two, I am pretty sure that is not what she said. Continue." Sebastian released his grip on his hair before slowly bringing his dark gaze to Ciel's.

"Find Ciel Phantomhive."

Ciel's eyes widened. He had never even heard of any.. Michaelis before. He'd also never killed anyone. Barely anyone even knew his real name. So.. how? A slow panic began to bubble in his stomach. What attachment did he have to that family? To that murder? To this man?

"How did you find me?"

"So it was you?" Sebastian stood up, form filled with anger as he stared down Ciel.

"Hey there sweetheart, let's not forget who has the gun."

"I don't fucking care anymore. I know you're Ciel. You wouldn't have asked how I found you if you weren't-"

"I asked because barely anyone knows that name-"

"You can try to kill me but, I swear to god, I am going to end your life before you can even pull that trigger!"

Ciel stared at the angry man before him, letting the residual echoes from his raised voice die off before standing up slowly. The city lights shone through the windows, resting on every curve of the shirtless male's upper body as he tilted his head back and smirked at the tall handsome god before him.

"I'd like to see you try"

End  
file.